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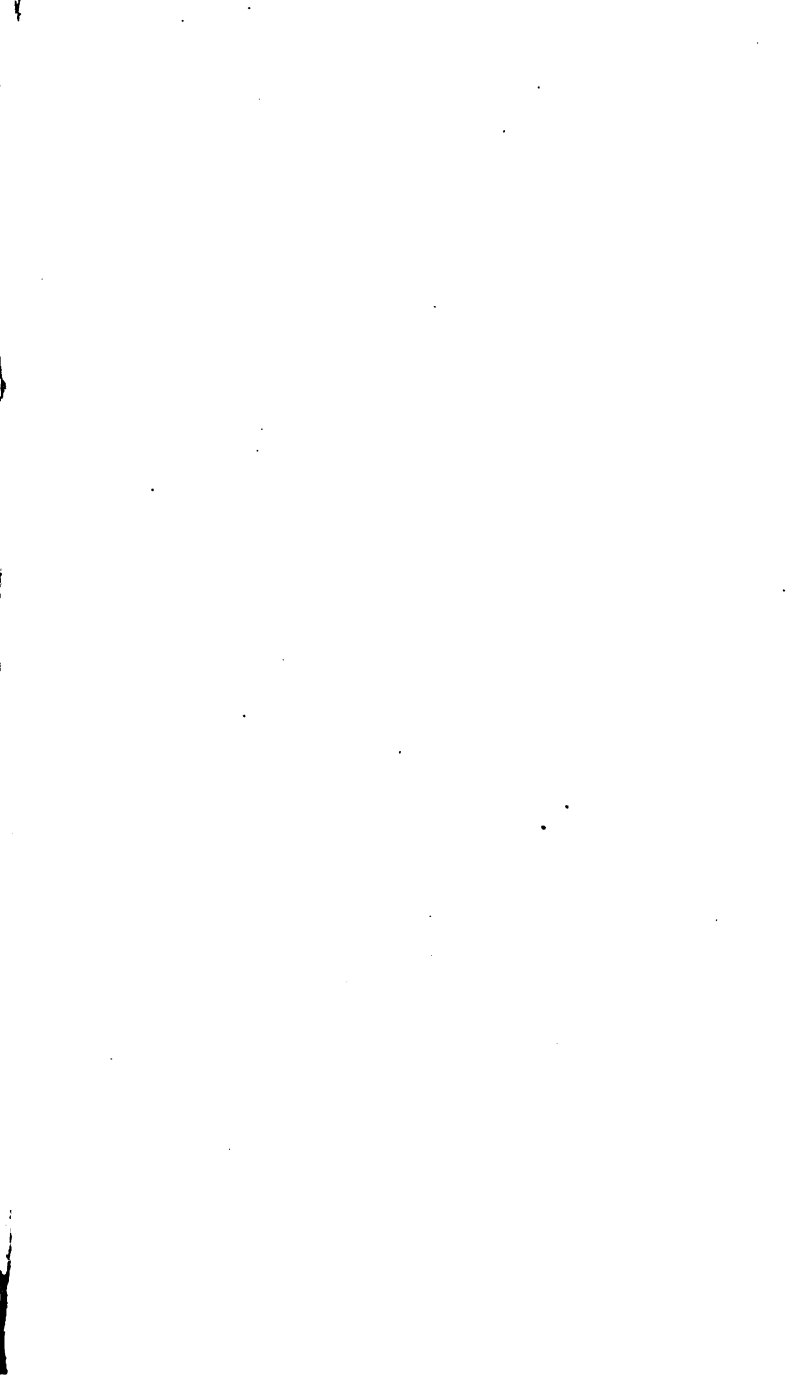
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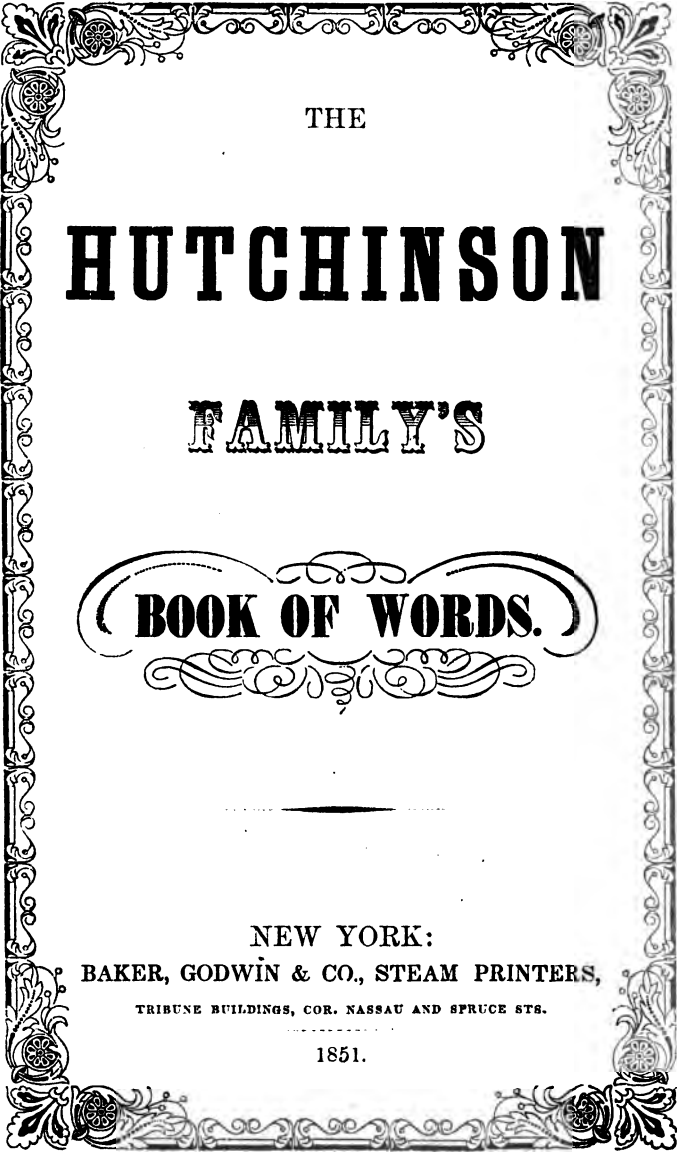
THE BEQUEST OF
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CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918









THE
HUTCHINSON
FAMILY'S

BOOK OF WORDS.

NEW YORK:
BAKER, GODWIN & CO., STEAM PRINTERS,
TRIBUNE BUILDINGS, COR. NASSAU AND SPRUCE STS.

1851.

The HUTCHINSONS would respectfully notice, that *their Music* accompanying the Songs in this publication, can be obtained of their publishers:—

OLIVER DITSON, *Washington Street, Boston.*

GEORGE P. REED, *Tremont Street,* “

FIRTH & POND, *Franklin Square, New York.*

WM. HALL & SON, *Broadway,* “

And at the principal Music Stores throughout the *United States*; also of the Family at their Entertainments.

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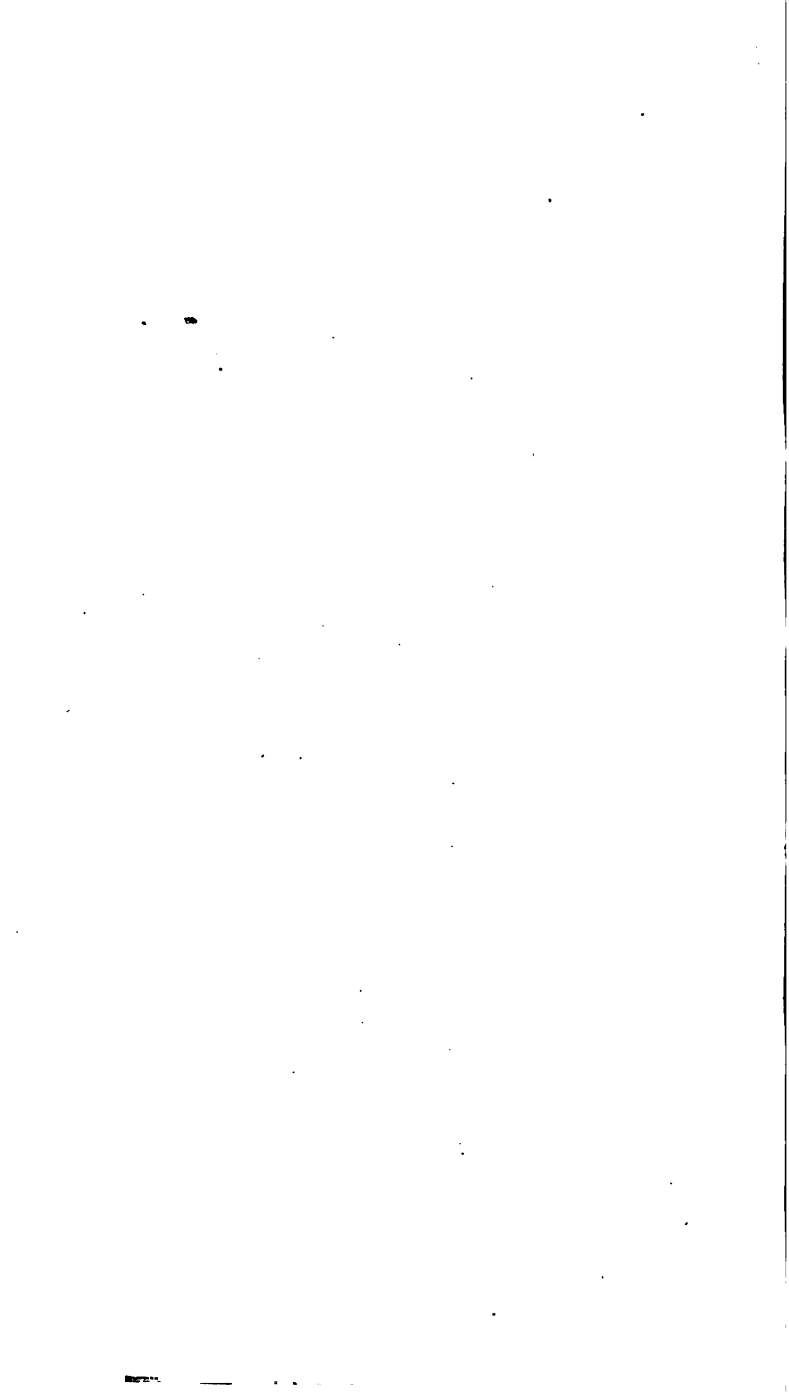
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SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

We're with You Once Again.

SONG OF THE WANDERER.

(Published by Oliver Ditson, Washington st., Boston.)

We're with you once again, kind friends,
No more our footsteps roam ;
Where it began, our journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear ;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet us here !

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
We pressed our native strand,
We've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land ;
We've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught us how to prize the worth
Of that from which we sprung.

Our native land, we turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air ;
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet us here !

Cold Water.

ORIGINAL.

All hail ! ye friends of temperance,
 Who're gathered here to night, sirs,
 To celebrate the praises of
 Cold water, pure and bright, sirs.
 We welcome you with joyful hearts
 Each generous son and daughter,
 For here's the place of all, to shout
 The praises of cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, pure cold water,
 Raise the shout, send it out,
 Shout for pure cold water.

Of all the blessed things below
 Of our Creator's giving,
 Assuaging almost every wo,
 And making life worth living,
 For old and young, for high and low,
 Yea every son and daughter,
 There's nothing as a beverage,
 Like sparkling pure cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Oh ! if you would preserve your health
 And trouble never borrow,
 Just take the morning shower bath,
 'Twill drive away all sorrow.
 And then instead of drinking rum,
 As doth the poor besottèr ;
 For health, long life, and happiness,
 Drink nothing but cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Yes, water 'll cure most every ill,
 'Tis proved without assumption,
 Dyspepsia, gout, and fevers, too,
 And sometimes old consumption.
 Your head-aches, side-aches, and *heart-aches* too,
 Which often cause great slaughter ;
 Can all be cured by drinking oft
 And bathing in cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

7

Full eighteen hundred years or more—
These truths have been before us,
And yet have blind delusive clouds
Seemed madly hovering o'er us.
The lep'rous men of Judea,
And lame who scarce could totter,
Were cured of all their maladies
In Jordan's healing water.
Oh! cold water, &c.

But great reforms are going on
'Mong every class and station,
And better days are dawning on—
The rising generation.
Though Alcohol has had his day
And great has been his slaughter,
He's now retreating in dismay,
And victory crowns cold water.
Oh! cold water, &c.

The Millennium.

ORIGINAL.

What do I see? ah! look, behold
That glorious day by prophets told,
Has dawn'd, and now is near;
Methinks, I hear from yonder plain,
With shouts of gladness loud proclaim,
The Millennium is here.

See freedom's star that shines so bright,
It sheds its rays of truth and light,
O'er mountain, rock, and sea;
And like the mighty march of mind,
Has sought and blest all human kind,
And set the bondman *free*.

No dungeons, chains, or gibbets, here—
No groans of prisoners in despair,
Are heard to mar the scene:
But *peace*, as once on Beth'hem's plain,
By Angels sang, has come again,
And earth is all serene.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

In that vast crowd, no high, no low,
 Distinction and complexions now
 Are passed and known no more.
 On one broad level see them stand,
 The millions who compose this band,
 With strains, most glorious, pour.

The voice of war is heard no more,
 The cannon with its deadly roar
 Is hushed in silence now ;
 All implements of death you see
 Are changed from war to husbandry,
 The " pruning hook" and plow.

Salvation to our God proclaim,
 This is the glorious, peaceful reign,
 The nations now shall know,
 The kingdoms of this world are given
 To Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Predicted long ago.

The New England Farmer.

A life on my native soil,
 A home in a farmer's cot,
 I'll never at labor recoil,
 And ask for no happier lot.
 Oh, the city hath not a charm,
 With its turmoil, noise and strife,
 Give me a snug little farm
 With a kind and notable wife.
 A life on my native soil,
 Gee up, gee ho, &c.

On my native soil I stand,
 'Mid blossoming fields around,
 While the air is pleasant and bland,
 And the hills with cattle abound.
 Oh, the river is flowing by,
 And the boatman's singing we hear,
 And the laborers, how they ply,
 While echoes send around the good cheer.
 A life on my native soil,
 Gee up, gee ho, &c.

How pleasant it is to view
 Whole valleys of waving grain,
 And the husbandmen, jovial crew,
 With sickles prostrating the plain.
 Oh, the song of my heart shall be,
 While the earth her sweet products shall yield
 The life of a farmer for me—
 A home in the forest and field!
 A life on my native soil,
 Gee up, gee ho, &c.

Bachelor's Lament.

Returning home at close of day,
 Who gently chides my long delay,
 And by my side delights to stay!
 Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
 Sets out the room with neatest care,
 And lays my slippers ready there!
 Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
 And piles the blazing fuel higher,
 And bids me draw my chair still nigher!
 Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
 And grief distracts my fevered brain,
 Who sympathises with my pain!
 Nobody.

Then I'm resolved so help me fate,
 To change at last the single state,
 And will to Hymen's altar take
 Somebody.

Sweet Alice; or, Ben Bolt.

MUSIC ORIGINAL.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
 Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown;
 Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile,
 And trembled with fear at your frown!

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

In the old church-yard, of the valley, Ben Bolt,
 In a corner obscure and alone,
 They've fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
 And Alice lies under the stone.
 In the old church yard, &c.

And don't you remember the cottage, Ben Bolt,
 That stood by the shady old wood,
 And the button-ball tree with its leafy boughs,
 That nigh to the doorstep stood?
 The cottage to ruin hath gone, Ben Bolt,
 And you look for the tree in vain;
 Where once the lord of the forest stood,
 Grows the grass and the waving grain.
 In the old church yard, &c.

Ah! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim,
 And the shady nook in the running brook,
 The place where the boys went to swim?
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 And the running brook is dry;
 And of all the boys that were schoolmates thien
 There's left only you and I.
 In the old church yard, &c.

The Mountaineer.

BY J. H. WARLAND,

(By permission of the proprietor of the copyright, Charles H Keith,
 Boston.)

'Tis I am the Mountaineer,
 My kingdom's the greenwood free,
 My subjects the wild bird and deer,
 My palace the spreading tree;
 I climb up the craggy mountain,
 And inhale its balmy airs,
 I drink at the sparkling fountain,
 And laugh at the world and its cares.
 For I am the Mountaineer, ha! ha!

My throne is the bleak rock riven,
 Where the Eagle builds her nest;
 'Mid the dark cloud tempest driven,
 O'er the mountain's lordly crest.

Let the world jog on as it may,
 Oh, where's the home like mine,
 I can laugh at its carès till I'm gray,
 Under the oak and mountain pine.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha! ha!

My sceptre's the rifle dearer
 Than fairest bride ever won,
 Pray what to the heart can be nearer
 Than the voice of the cracking gun.
 It sings along the echoing crags,
 With its music wild and free,
 And we laugh at the world, however it wags,
 My mountain home for me.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha! ha!

I hear the anthem grand and deep,
 Which swells o'er my palace high,
 'Mid the thunder's roll and the tempest's sweep,
 As the bolts around me fly.
 I laugh at the storms whose ceaseless din,
 Gives the world without no rest,
 For my heart it is all peace within,
 My home on the mountain crest.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer.

Uncle Sam's Farm.

ORIGINAL.

(Published by G. P. Reed, Boston.)

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
 The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;
 We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
 With a general invitation to the people of the world.
 Then come along, come along, make no delay,
 Come from every nation, come from every way;
 Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm,
 For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St Lawrence is our Northern line, far's her waters flow,
 And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, way down in Mexico;
 While from the Atlantic ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
 We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.
 Then come along, &c.

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the corn and pork,
 New England manufactures shall do up the finer work ;
 For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our hills,
 Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.
 Then come along, &c.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
 The grand results to follow in this mighty age of steam ;
 Our mountains, lakes, and rivers, are now in a blaze of fire,
 While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraphic wire.
 Then come along, &c.

While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret
 We're teaching them a lesson which they never can forget ;
 And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool,
 For the people do their voting, and the children go to school.
 Then come along, &c.

The brave in every nation are joining heart and hand,
 And flocking to America, the real promised land ;
 And Uncle Sam stands ready with a child upon each arm,
 To give them all a welcome to a lot upon his farm.
 Then come along, &c.

A welcome, warm and hearty, do we give the sons of toil,
 To come to the West and settle and labor on Free Soil ;
 We've room enough and land enough, they needn't feel alarm—
 O! come to the land of Freedom and vote yourself a farm.
 Then come along, &c.

Yes! we're bound to lead the nations, for our motto's "*Go Ahead!*"
 And we'll carry out the principles for which our father's bled ;
 No monopoly of Kings and Queens, but this is the Yankee plan,
 Free Trade to Emigration and Protection unto man.
 Then come along, &c.

The Mountain Echo Song.

Words by E. H. Cogin, Music original.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 A song to the Mountains,
 Where nature's dominion for ever prevails,
 Where the scream of the Eagle, in solitudes regal,
 Is borne like a clarion-blast on the gales.
 O the vale rose is sweet in its balm-laden air,
 But the mountain-wreathed laurel is blooming as fair ;
 And its delicate hue, in the crystalline dew,
 Redeemingly softens the loneliness there.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 The storm-braving mountains,
 They rise from the Hudson's magnificent tide,
 Far up in the azure-like visions of pleasure,
 To bask in the day-beam, the tempest to bide.
 Encircling the vale of Wyoming they seem,
 Like ramparts of emerald adorning a dream ;
 Receding in mist the horizon is kissed,
 'Till mantled and mingled they fade in its gleam.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 A sigh for the mountains,
 Alone I have roamed through the wilds in the morn ;
 When my spirit was light as the vapor whose flight,
 Revealed all their summits in splendour new born.
 And now, when the spectres of bliss are no more,
 And the last of my dreamings perchance may be o'er,
 I sigh for the mountains where gush the bright fountains,
 And where like a child I might gaze and adore.

The Little Canoe; or, Burman Lover.

O, come with me in my little canoe,
 Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue ;
 O, come with me, for I long to go,
 To those isles where the mango apples grow :
 O, come with me and be my love,
 For thee the jungle depths I'll rove ;
 I'll gather the honey-comb bright as gold,
 And chase the elk to his secret hold.
 I'll chase the antelope o'er the plain,
 The Tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
 And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
 I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the Bias' nest,
 Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast ;
 I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
 And pass't to thee if thou'lt be mine.
 Then come with me in my little canoe,
 While the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
 For should we linger another day,
 Storms may rise and love decay.
 I'll chase the antelope, &c.

Zekel and Hulda.

BY HOSEA BIGELOW.

'Zekel crept up quite unbeknown,
 And peeked in through the winder,
 And there sot Hulda, all alone,
 With no one nigh to hinder.

Upon the chimbly crook-necks hung,
 And in amongst them roasted,
 The old Queen's arm that grand'ther Young
 Brought back from Concord *busted*.

The walnut wood shot sparkles out,
 Towards the putyest, (bless her,)
 And little fires danced all about
 The china on the dresser.

The very room, cause she was in,
 Looked warm from floor to ceilin,
 And she looked full as rosy agin,
 As the apples she was pealin'.

She heard a foot, and knowed it too,
 A raspin' on the scraper,
 All ways to once her feelings flew,
 Like sparks on burnt up paper.

He kinder loitered on the mat,
 Some doubtful of the signal,
 His heart kept going pity-pat,
 But her's went pity-Zekel.

 The Good Old Days of Yore.

A SONG OF HOME.

Original. Published by G. P. Reed, Boston.

How my heart is in me burning,
 And my very soul is yearning,
 As my thoughts go backward, turning
 To the good old days of yore
 When my father, and my mother,
 And each sister dear, and brother,
 Sat and chatted with each other
 Round that good old cottage door.

Voice and spirit loved to cheer it,
And the very birds to hear it,
Flew around the door, and near it—
Near that good old cottage-door ;
And each sister dear, and brother
Nestled closed to each other,
As our father and our mother
Sang their good old songs of yore.

Then were words of kindness spoken,
And each heart renewed the token,
Pledging vows not to be broken,
Broken never, never more.
And though now asunder driven,
With the ties of childhood riven,
Still we cherish pledges given
Round that good old cottage door.

Then no treason drowned our reason ;
But each annual summer season
Sang we all our happy glees on,
And around our cottage door.
Blessed thoughts would then come oe'r us,
And each heart and voice in chorus,
Sang of those who'd gone before us
In the good old days of yore.

Though our days on earth are fleeting,
And all temporal joys retreating,
Yet we hope for another meeting—
Better far than days of yore—
When through heavenly courts ascending,
And with angel voices blending,
We shall sing on, without ending,
At our Heavenly Father's door,—
Sing the New Song forever more.

Congressional Song of Eight Dollars a Day.

ORIGINAL.

At Washington full once a year do politicians throng,
 Contriving there by various arts to make their sessions long;
 And many a reason do they give why they're obliged to stay,
 But the clearest reason yet adduced is *eight dollars a day.*

Just go with me to the capitol, if you really would behold
 All that imagination craves, and more than e'er was told;
 D'ye see the city avenue swarms with members grave and gay,
 And what d'ye s'pose they're thinking of? 'tis *eight dollars a day.*

All Washington now is wide awake, and all the big hotels
 Are filled with representatives, and oh! how liquor sells;
 It cannot well be otherwise, for think you men will play
 The national tune without their grog of *eight dollars a day.*

A startling scene will now be played before the gazing world,
 For from the nation's capitol her banner is unfurled;
 The congressmen are trudging on, each in his chosen way,
 And all keep time to the glorious tune of *eight dollars a day.*

Now to the senate chamber first, then to the house we'll go,
 And learn a lesson while we may of patriotic show—
 The roll is called and quorum formed and the chaplains rise to pray,
 And then the national work begins at *eight dollars a day.*

Then every member takes his seat in the cushioned chair of state,
 Thinking that in his dignity's embodied the nation's fate:
 A flaming speech is made by one, when the call is yea or nay—
 But all are agreed when the question comes of *eight dollars a day.*

Then the cry of war runs through the land for volunteers to go
 And fight in the war for slavery on the plains of Mexico;
 Seven dollars a month, and to be shot at that, is the common soldier's
 pay,
 While those who send the poor fellows there get their *eight dollars
 a day.*

But the war is pass'd and peace declared—the nations now behold
 The brain of Uncle Sam upset by the California gold;
 Our young men by ten thousands seem throwing their lives away,
 For they've got the congress fever on of *eight dollars a day.*

But let us hope that a better day is coming fast along,
 When love of right shall conquer might and every giant wrong,
 When favors and monopolies shall all have passed away,
 And every man and woman too get *eight dollars a day.*

The Wax Work.

Once on a time, some years ago,
 Two Yankees from this State,
 Were travelling on foot, of course,
 A style now out of date ;—
 And being far away down South,
 It wasn't strange or funny,
 That they, like other folks, sometimes
 Should be in want of money.

So coming to a thriving place,
 They hired a lofty hall,
 And on the corners of the streets
 Put handbills, great and small,—
 Telling the people far and near,
 In printed black and white,
 They'd give a show of wax work
 In the great town hall that night.

Of course the people thought to see
 A mighty show of figures ;—
 Of Napoleon, Byron, George the Third,
 And lots of foreign gentlemen ;
 Of Mary, Queen of Scots, you know,
 And monks in black and white,
 And heroes, peasants, potentates,
 In wax work brought to light.

One of our Yankees had, they say,
 No palate to his mouth,
 And this perhaps the reason was
 Why he was going South ;
 But be that as it may, you see,
 He couldn't speak quite plain,
 But talked—youn* yin ees yote—just so,
 And sometimes talked in vain.

The other was a handsome man,
 Quite pleasant and quite fine,
 And had a form of finest mould,
 And straight as any line.
 Indeed he was a handsome man,
 As you will often see,—
 Much more so, sir, than you or you,
 Like Governor Briggs or me.

* Down in his throat.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

This handsome man stood at the door,
 To let the people in,
 And the way he took the quarters
 And the shillings was a sin ;
 And when the hour of show had come,
 He a curtain pulled aside,
 And our friend without a palate
 Stood in all his pomp and pride.

And in his brawny hand he held
 A pound or two or more,
 Of good *shoemakers' wax*, which he
 Had made sometime before ;
 He then began to *work it* !
 And his audience thus addressed ;—
 And while they looked and listened,
 Let their great surprise be guessed.

Said he, " my friends, how some folks cheat
 I never could conceive,
 But this is the *real wax work*,
 For I stoop not to deceive ;
 This is the *real wax work*,
 For your quarters and your twelves ;
 Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up,
 And examine for yourselves."

But when the people saw the joke,
 With anger they turned pale,—
 Hammer and tongs, they came at him
 To ride him on a rail ;
 But he had an open window
 And a ladder to the ground,
 And just as he went out of sight,
 He turned himself around—

And holding up the wax to view,
 Said with a saucy grin,—
 " My friends there's no deception,
 For I scorn to take you in ;
 This is the *REAL WAX-WORK*,
 For your quarters and your twelves ;
 Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up,
 And examine for yourselves."

Sweet dawn of Peace, that day will prove, to all the sons of labor ;
 For every man will have enough, and gladly lend his neighbor.
 The Earth shall yield abundantly ; nor shall men want for money ;
 But all shall bask in golden fields flowing with milk and honey.
 O ! 'tis coming right along.

Where shall the Soul find Rest.

(Written by Lady FLORA HASTINGS, the victim of a cruel slander, originating among her associates in waiting upon Queen Victoria.)

Tell me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more ?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the West,
 Where free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest ?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered—" No !"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some Island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs,
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And Friendship never dies ?
 The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—" No !"

And thou serenest moon,
 That with such holy face
 Dost look upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace,
 Tell me, in all thy round
 Hast thou not seen some spot,
 Where miserable man,
 Might find a happier lot ?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
 And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—" No !"

Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh ! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place,
 From sorrow, sin and death ;

Is there no happy spot,
 Where mortals may be blest,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest ?
 Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortal given—
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered—“*Yes! in
 Heaven!*”

Man the Life Boat; or, Storm at Sea.

Man the life boat, help, or yon ship is lost—
 Man the life boat—see how she's tempest-tossed,
 No human power, in such an hour,
 This gallant bark can save ;
 Her mainmast's gone, and dashing on
 She seeks her watery grave.
 Man the life boat. See the dreaded signal flies—
 Ah! ha! she's struck, and from the rock
 Despairing shouts arise.
 And one there stands and rings his hands,
 Amidst the tempest wild ;
 For on the beach he cannot reach,
 He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark
 Immortal souls doth bear ;
 Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
 But *men, brave men*, are there.
 Speed the life boat! Speed the life boat!
 O, God! their efforts crown—
 She dashes on: *the ship* is gone
 Full forty fathoms down.

Welcome to Jenny Lind.

ORIGINAL.

From the snow-clad hills of Sweden,
 Like a bird of love from Eden,
 Lo! she comes with songs of freedom—
 Jenny comes from o'er the sea.
 Though afar from home endearing,
 Yet her heart no danger fearing,
 For she hears a nation cheering—
 “Jenny, welcome to the free!”

Heart to heart, with true devotion,
 Kindled with the same emotion,
 As the tidings cross'd the ocean—
 "Jenny's coming o'er the sea!"
 Soon the ship was near before us;
 O, what gladsome thoughts came o'er us;
 While ten thousand sang in chorus—
 "Jenny, welcome to the free!"

While the great and honored hear you,
 Let the poor oppressed be near you,
 Then will every heart revere you—
 Jenny, sing for liberty.
 Thou, indeed, art not a stranger
 To the palace or the manger;
 Welcome, friend, and fear no danger,
 "Jenny, welcome to the free."

Ho! for California!

ORIGINAL.

A song composed for a band of overland emigrants, who left Massachusetts, in the spring of 1849.

We've formed our band, and are well mann'd,
 To journey afar to the promised land,
 Where the golden ore is rich in store,
 On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Then, ho! Brothers ho!
 To California go.

There's plenty of gold in the world we're told,
 On the banks of the Sacramento.
 Heigh O, and away we go,
 Digging up the gold in Francisco.

O! don't you cry, nor heave a sigh,
 For we'll all come back again, bye-and-bye,
 Don't breathe a fear, nor shed a tear,
 But patiently wait for about two year.

Then, ho! &c.

As the gold is *thar*, most any *whar*,
 And they dig it out with an iron bar,
 And where 'tis thick, with a spade or pick,
 They can take out lumps as *heavy as brick*.

Then, ho! &c.

As we explore that distant shore,—
 We'll fill our pockets with the shining ore;
 And how 'twill sound, as the word goes round,
 Of our picking up gold by the *dozen pound*.
 Then, ho! &c.

O! the land we'll save, for the bold and brave—
 Have determined there never shall breathe a slave
 Let foes recoil, for the sons of toil
 Shall make California God's FREE SOIL.
 Then, ho! Brothers, ho! to California go,
 No slave shall toil on God's Free Soil,
 On the banks of the Sacramento.
 Heigh O, and away we go,
 Chanting our songs of Freedom, O.

If I were a Voice.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I would fly—I would fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
 If I were a voice, &c.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.
 I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the beautiful sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to look up again.
 If I were a voice, &c.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd travel with the wind,
 And whenever I saw the nations torn
 By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
 And into their blinded bosoms flash
 That ray of hope that cheers the mind,
 And leaves all trace of grief behind.
 If I were a voice, &c.

Get off the Track.

ORIGINAL.

Words composed and adapted to a slave melody, advocating the emancipation of the slaves, and illustrating the onward progress of the anti-slavery cause in the United States.

(Published by Henry Prentiss, Boston.)

Ho ! the car emancipation,
 Rides majestic through our nation,
 Bearing on its train the story,
 LIBERTY ! a nation's glory.
 Roll it along ! roll it along !
 Roll it along ! through the nation,
 Freedom's car, Emancipation.

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions,
 Merchants, Editors, Physicians,
 Lawyers, Priests, and politicians,
 Get out of the way ! every station,
 Clear the track, Emancipation.

Let the ministers and churches
 Leave behind sectarian lurches,
 Jump on board the car of freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm ! pulpits thunder,
 Ere to late you see your blunder.

All true friends of emancipation,
 Haste to freedom's railway station,
 Quick into the cars get seated ;
 All is ready and completed.
 " Put on the steam ! " all are crying,
 While the liberty flags are flying.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming ;
 Now, look out ! the engine's coming !
 Church-and-statesmen, hear the thunder,
 Clear the track, or you'll fall under.

Get off the track ! all are singing
 While the "*Liberty Bell*" is ringing.

On, triumphant, see them bearing,
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing ;
 The bell, and whistle, and the steaming,
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.

Look out for the cars ! while the bell rings,
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us !
 At the stations thousands greet us ;
 All take seats with exultation,
 In the car, Emancipation.

Huzza ! huzza ! Emancipation,
 Soon will bless our happy nation.

My Mother's Bible.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

This book is all that's left me now,
 Tears will unbidden start ;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this bible clasp'd,
 She dying gave it me.

My father read this holy book,
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who learned God's word to hear.

Her angel face, I see it yet,
 What vivid memories come ;
 Again that little group is met,
 Within the halls of home.

Ah, well do I remember those,
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

And speak of what those pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill;
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

 Horticultural Wife.

WRITTEN BY A CELEBRATED ENGLISH GARDENER, AFTER DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
 My sunflower, my sweet marjorum;
 My honeysuckle, my tulip, my violet;
 My hollyhock, my dahlia, my mignonet.
 Ho, ho! she's a fickle wild rose,
 A damask, a cabbage, a China rose.

She's my snowdrop, my ranunculus,
 My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus;
 My hearts-ease, my pink, my water-lily;
 My buttercup my daisie, my daffydowndilly
 Ho, ho! &c.

We have grown up together, like young apple trees,
 And clung to each other like double sweet peas;
 Now they're going to trim her, and plant her in a pot,
 And I am left to wither, neglected and forgot.
 Ho, ho! &c.

I am like a scarlet-runner that has lost its stick;
 Or a cherry that is left for the dicky birds to pick.
 Like a watering-pot I weep; like a pavior I'll sigh:
 Like a mushroom I'll wither; like a cucumber I'll die.
 Ho, ho! &c.

I am like a bumble-bee, that don't know where to settle,
 And she is a dandelion, and a stinging nettle:
 My heart's like a beet root, choked with chickweed;
 My head is like a pumpkin running off to seed.
 Ho, ho! &c.

I'm a great mind to make myself a felodese,
 And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree.
 I'd do it in a minute, if I thought 'twould make her cry;
 But, oh! she'd laugh to see me hanging up to dry!
 Ho, ho! who would suppose
 I'd suffer so much from that fickle wild rose.

Bingen on the Rhine.

(MUSIC ORIGINAL—WORDS BY HON. MRS. NORTON.)

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers;
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears:
 But a comrade stood before him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
 And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,
 And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:
 Take a message and a token to some distant friend of mine—
 For I was born at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
 And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars—
 But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
 And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
 And I was but a truant bird, that thought my home a cage;
 But my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth, to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild.
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
 And, with boyish love, I hung it where the bright fir used to shine,
 On the cottage wall, at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with light and gallant tread,
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
 Tell her to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
 For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
 Oh, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometime heaviest
 mourning.

Tell her, the last night of my life, that ere this moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
 I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

The Old Farmer's Elegy.

WORDS BY JOSIAH D. CANNING.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
 That so long and so often has watered his flock,
 The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
 While the waters a low lapsing lullaby keep.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
 No morn shall awake him to labor again.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
 So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
 By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
 It would live when its planter had mouldered away.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

There's the well that he dug, with its waters so cold,
 With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
 No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
 For "the pitcher is broken,"—the old man is gone.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died,
 The stout-hearted mourned—th' affectionate cried;
 And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
 For they all lost a *brother*, a *man*, and a *friend*.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

For upright and honest the old farmer was,
 His God he revered—he respected the laws;
 Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
 Will outshine like pure gold all the dross of this earth.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

The Good Old Plow.

Music original—Published by George P. Reid, Boston.

Let them sing who may of the battle fray,
 And the deeds that are long since past,
 Let them chant in praise of the Tar, whose days
 Are spent on the ocean vast.
 I would render to these all the worship you please,
 I would honor them even now,
 But I'd give far more, from my heart's full core,
 To the cause of the good old plow.

Let them laud the notes that in music floats
 Through the bright and the glittering hall,
 While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl
 Round the shoulders of beauty fall:
 Yet dearer to me is the song from the tree,
 And the rich and the blossoming bough.
 O these are the sweets which the rustic greets,
 As he follows the good old plow.

Full many there be whom we daily see,
 With a selfish and hollow pride,
 Whom the plowman's lot in his simple cot,
 With a scornful look deride.
 Yet I'd rather take aye a hearty shake
 From his hand than to wealth I'd bow;
 For the honest grasp of that hand's rough clasp
 Has stood by the good old plow.

All honor be then to those grey old men,
 When at last they are bowed with toil,
 Their warfare then o'er, why they battle no more,
 For they've conquered the stubborn soil:
 And the chaplet each wears are his silvery hairs,
 And ne'er shall the victor's crown,
 With a laurel crown to the grave go down
 Like the sons of the good old plow.

Recollections of Home.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ELLEN ROGERS.

(Set to music and published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

Ah, why from our own native home did we part !
 With its mountains and valleys so dear to each heart ;
 Ah, why did we leave the enjoyments of home,
 O'er the wide waste of waters strangers to roam.

For oft have we roamed in a far distant clime,
 And have been in the land of the orange and lime,
 And our footsteps are printed on many a shore,
 Where the sea loudly breaks with a deep sullen roar.

New England ! thou land of the brave and the free,
 Our country and home, we are looking to thee,
 And we've long'd for the day when again we shall stand
 On thy rude sandy soil, but our own native land.

There's a Good Time Coming.

*Words by Mackay. Music by Hutchinson. Published by permission
 of O. Ditson, of Boston.*

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming ;
 There's a good time coming boys,
 Wait a little longer.
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray,
 Of the good time coming ;
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battle by its aid,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming ;
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And right, not might shall be the lord,
 • In the good time coming.

Worth not birth shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger,
 The proper impulse has been given,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming ;
 Hateful rivalries of creed,
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger ;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming :
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

Home of my Boyhood.

O, home of my boyhood, my own country home,
 I love it the better wherever I roam—
 The lure of proud cities, the wealth of the main,
 Hath never a charm like my own native plain,
 There waved the old elms, on the cottage lined street,
 There warbled the birds from their woodland retreat ;
 The roar of the river, the forest crowned hills ;
 The star-light that glistened, they dwell with me still.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

I've wandered for years through the cold-hearted world,
 I've rode every sea where a sail is unfurled ;
 I've met with the great and the noble of earth,
 But never forgotten the home of my birth.

The laugh of my sister, my brother's high glee,
 Are echoing round me wherever I be ;
 The thousand bright glances from young maidens' eyes,
 Are stars in my heaven when grief-clouds arise.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

The voice of my father, with deep manly tone,
 There's music about it no other hath known ;
 The smile of my mother, that love-lighted brow :
 O, mother, dear mother, they dwell with me now.
 I love them, I love them, the days of the past,
 And nothing shall bribe me from keeping them fast.
 O, home of my boyhood, my own country home,
 I love it the better wherever I roam.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

The Indian's Lament.

(Published by T. J. Marsh, Boston.)

Glide on, my light canoe, glide on,
 The morning breeze is free ;
 I'll guide thee far, far out upon
 The wide and troubled sea.
 Howl on ye blasts, with all your might,
 Hide, hide thyself thou orb of light,
 Roll on, ye mountain billows, roll,
 The wonders of the deep unfold.

Glide on, and bear me from the sight
 Of yonder shady vale ;
 For oh, there is a withering blight
 Spread o'er my native isle.
 The whites have driven us from our home,
 And the waves we're forced to roam ;
 There's none to pity, none to save
 The red man from the ocean grave.

Our evening dance is seen no more,
 Its sound has ceased to flow ;
 And each one sings a mournful dirge,
 In accents sad and slow,
 The whites have swept our friends away,
 Beneath the turf our fathers lay ;
 We soon must join them in death's sleep,
 And leave our homes to mourn and weep.

Shall I, the bravest of the chiefs,
 On this isle make my bed ;
 No ! no ! the white's polluted feet,
 Shall ne'er tread o'er my head.
 I've buried my hatchet 'neath the turf,
 But I will rest beneath the surf,
 The foaming billows shall be my grave,
 For I'll not die the white man's slave.

The Old Church Bell.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my old grey turret high,
 And many a different theme I've sung,
 As the time went stealing by !
 I've pealed the chant of a wedding morn,
 Ere night I have sadly toll'd,
 To say that the bride was coming, love-lorn,
 To sleep in the churchyard mould !
 Ding, dong, my ceaseless song,
 Merry and sad, but never long.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my ancient turret high,
 And many a different theme I've sung,
 As the time went stealing by.
 I've swell'd the joy of a country's pride,
 For a victory, far off won ;
 Then changed to grief, for the brave that died,
 Ere my mirth had well begun !
 Ding, dong, &c. &c.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my crumbling turret high ;
 'Tis time my own death-song were sung,
 And with truth, before I die !
 I never could love the theme they gave
 My tyrannized tongue to tell :
 One moment for cradle, the next for grave—
 They've worn out the old church bell.
 Ding, dong, my changeful song,
 Farewell now, and farewell long.

The Slave's Appeal.

WORDS ORIGINAL.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
 Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave ;
 The father, the mother, and children are poor,
 And they grieve for the day their freedom to have.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
 Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor,
 Give us our freedom, ye friends of equality,
 Give us our rights, for we ask nothing more.

Call us not indolent, vile and degraded,
 White men have robbed us of all we hold dear ;
 Parents and children, the young and the aged,
 Are scourged by the lash of the rough overseer.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

And God in his mercy shall crown your endeavors,
 The glory of heaven shall be your reward ;
 The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
 " Enter, ye faithful, the joy of our Lord."
 Then pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

The Miseries of Life.

I've mused on the miseries of life,
 To find from what quarter they come ;
 Whence most of contention and strife,
 Alas ! from the lovers of rum.
 Oh, Rum ! what hast thou done,
 Ruined mother and daughter, father and son.

I met with a fair one distressed,
 I asked whence her sorrows could come,
 She replied, I am sorely oppressed,
 My husband's a lover of rum.
 Oh, Rum, &c.

I found a poor child in the street,
 Whose limbs by the cold were all numb,
 No stockings nor shoes on his feet—
 His father's a lover of rum.
 Oh, Rum, &c.

I met with a pauper in rags,
 Who asked for a trifling sum ;
 I'll tell you the cause why he begs—
 He once was a lover of rum.
 Oh, Rum, &c.

I've seen men from health, wealth, and ease,
 Untimely descend to the tomb ;
 I need not describe their disease—
 Alas ! they were lovers of rum.
 Oh, Rum, &c.

Ask prisons and gallows, and all,
 Whence most of their customers come,
 From whom they have most of their calls,
 They'll tell you from the lovers of rum.
 Oh, Rum, &c.

Let us Love one Another.

Let us love one another,
 Not long may we stay
 In this bleak world of mourning—
 Some droop while 'tis day,
 Others fade in the noon,
 And few linger till eve,
 Oh ! there breaks not a heart
 But leaves some one to grieve.

The fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
 Have still found the need to forgive and forget,—
 Then oh ! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
 Let us love one another as long as we stay.

Then let's love one another,
 'Mid sorrow the worst,
 Unaltered and fond
 As we loved at the first,
 Though the false wing of pleasure
 May change and forsake,
 And the bright urn of wealth
 Into particles break—

There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
 That cling but still closer, as sorrow draws nigh,
 And remain with us yet though all else pass away,—
 Then let's love one another as long as we stay.

The Bridge of Sighs.

"Drowned, drowned."—*Hamlet*.

WORDS BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home!

Who was her father!
Who was her mother!
Had she a sister!
Or had she a brother!
Or was there a dearer one

Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other!

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun;
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home *she had none*.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Any where, any where,
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran!
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior;
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Savior.

Springfield Mountains.

(As sung in the old fashioned Continental style.)

On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A comely youth, I lov'd full well.
Ri tu di na, &c.

One Monday mornin' he did go,
Down in the mead-er for to mow.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He scarce had mowed half the field,
When a *peaky sarpint* bit his heel.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He took his scythe, and with a blow,
He laid the *peaky sarpint* low.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He took the *sarpint* in his hand,
And straightway went to MOLLY BLAND.
Ri tu di na, &c.

"O! Molly! Molly! here you see,
The *peaky sarpint* what bit me."
Ri tu di na, &c.

Away Down East.

(By permission of the publisher, Oliver Ditson.)

There's a famous fabled country, never seen by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins they are growing, and the sun is said to rise,
Which man doth not inhabit, neither reptile, bird nor beast,
And this famous fabled country is away *Down East*.

It is called a land of notions, of apple-sauce and greens,
A paradise of pumpkin pies, a land of pork and beans,
But where it is, who knoweth! neither mortal man nor beast,
But one thing we're assured of—'tis away *Down East*.

Once a man in Indiana, took his bundle in his hand,
And came to New York city, to seek this fabled land,
But how he stared on learning what is new to him at least,
That this famous fabled land is further *Down East*.

Then away he puts to Boston, with all his main and might,
 And puts up at the Tremont House, quite sure that he was right,
 But they tell him in the morning, a curious fact at least,
 That he hadn't yet begun to get away *Down East*.

Then he hurried off to Portland, with his bundle in his hand,
 And sees Mount Joy, great joy for him, for this must be the land,
 Poh, man, you're crazy! for doubt not in the least,
 You go a long chalk further e'er you find *Down East*.

Then away through mud to Bangor, by which he soils his drabs,
 The first that greets his vision, is a pyramid of slabs;
 Why, this, says he, is Egypt, here's a pyramid at least,
 And he thought that with a vengeance he had found *Down East*.

Goodness, gracious! yes, he's found it! see how he cuts his pranks,
 He's sure he can't get further, for the piles of boards and planks;
 So pompously he questions, a Pat of humble caste,
 Who tells him he was never yate away *Down Aist*.

But soon he spied a Native, who was up to snuff, I ween
 Who, pointing at a precipice, says, don't you see something *green*?
 Then off he jumped to rise no more, except he lives on yeast,
 And this, I think, should be his drink away *Down East*.

And now his anxious mother, whose tears will ever run,
 Is ever on the lookout to see her rising son,
 But she will strain her eyes in vain, I calculate at least,
 Her son has set in regions wet away *Down East*.

The Old Granite State.

A FAMILY SONG OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

(*New Version*.)

AS SUNG BY THE BAND OF BROTHERS, IN THE YEAR 1851.

Ho! we've come from the mountains,
 Come again from the mountains,
 We've come down from the mountains,
 Of the old Granite State.
 We're a band of brothers,
 We're a band of brothers,
 We're a band of brothers,
 And we live among the hills;
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 We are passing round the world.

Our dear father's gone before us,
 And hath joined the heavenly chorus,
 Yet his spirit hovers o'er us,
 As we sing the family song.
 Oft he comes to hear us,
 And his love doth cheer us,
 Yes, 'tis ever near us,
 When we battle against the wrong.

We have four other brothers,
 And two sisters, and aged mother ;
 Some at home near each other,
 Some are wandering far away,
 With our present number.
 There are thirteen in the tribe ;
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 And our several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
 Caleb, Joshua, and Jesse,
 Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
 And Abby are our names.
 We're the sons of Mary,
 Of the tribe of Jesse,
 And we now address ye,
 With our native mountain song.

Liberty is our motto,
 And we'll sing as freemen ought to,
 Till it rings o'er glen and grotto,
 From the old Granite State.
 " Men should love each other,
 Nor let hatred smother,
 EVERY MAN'S A BROTHER,
 AND OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD !"

And we love the cause of Temperance
 As we did in days of yore ;
 We are all Tee-totlers,
 And determined to keep the pledge.
 Let us then be up and doing,
 And our duties brave pursuing,
 Ever friendship kind renewing
 As we travel on our way.
 Truth is plain before us,
 Then let's sing in chorus,
 While the heavens o'er us
 Rebound the loud huzza.
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Humbugged Husband.

AS SUNG BY J. J. HUTCHINSON.

Published by Firth and Hall, New York.

She's not what fancy painted her,
 I'm sadly taken in ;
 If some one else had won her,
 I should not have cared a pin.
 I thought that she was mild and good
 As maiden e'er could be ;
 I wonder how she ever could
 Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round and shake my hand,
 They tell me I am blest ;
 My case they do not understand,
 I think that I know best.
 They say she's fairest of the fair,
 They drive me mad and madder ;
 What do they mean by it ? I declare
 I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
 That on her shoulders fall—
 What would they say to see the box
 In which she keeps them all.
 Her taper fingers it is true,
 Are difficult to match ;
 What would they say, if they but knew
 How terribly they—s-c-r—c-h !

The Cot Where We Were Born.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

We stood upon the mountain height,
 And viewed the valleys o'er ;
 The sun's last ray, with mellow light,
 Illum'd the distant shore ;
 We gazed with rapture on the scene
 Where first in youth's bright morn,
 We play'd where near us stood serene
 The cot where we were born.

'Twas there that first a mother's smile
 Lit up our hearts with joy ;
 That smile can yet our cares beguile,
 As when a prattling boy ;
 Though changes many we have seen,
 Since childhood's sunny morn,
 Yet deep in memory still has been
 The cot where we were born.

O never till the stream of life
 Shall cease to ebb and flow,
 And earthly sorrow with its strife
 These hearts shall cease to know :
 Can we forget the spot so dear,
 As that we sometimes mourn,
 Beside the brook which runs so clear,
 The cot where we were born.

Calomel.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

Physicians of the highest rank,
 To pay their fees we need a bank,
 Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
 Science and sense in Calomel.

When Mr. A, or B. is sick,
 Go call the doctor, and be quick ;
 The doctor comes with much good-will,
 But ne'er forgets his Calomel.

He takes the patient by the hand,
 And compliments him as his friend ;
 He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
 And then takes out his Calomel.

Then turning to the patient's wife,
 Have you clean paper, spoon and knife ?
 I think your husband would do well,
 To take a dose of Calomel.
 He then deals out the precious grain—
 This, ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pain ;
 Once in three hours at toll of bell,
 Give him a dose of Calomel.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed,
 Go call the doctor, ride with speed :
 The doctor comes like post with mail,
 Doubling his dose of Calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
 The fatal job for him is done ;
 He dies, alas ! but sure to tell,
 A sacrifice to Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
 Pray let me die a natural death,
 And bid the world a long farewell,
 Without one dose of Calomel.

Crows in a Cornfield.

See yonder cornfield where waves the ripening grain,
 The feathered race alluring, who flock the prize to gain,
 Now careless hopping, flying, a young crow light and gay,
 So careless, light and gay he hops, so careless, light and gay.
 Now cautious, peeping, prying, two old crows sage and gray,
 A man and gun espying, with timely warning say,
 Don't go there ! don't go there ! why not ! why not ! why not !
 You'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot, oh !
 We told you so ! we told you so ! we told you so !
 Caw ! caw ! caw ! says the scout, look out ! look out !
 See he's loading his gun again, we smell powder, my lads,
 We're not to be had, 'tis all but labor in vain,
 All, all in vain, you try old birds to catch with chaff,
 We're out of your shot, you stupid old sot, and at you and yours
 We laugh, caw ! caw ! caw !

Excelsior.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, E. W. LONGFELLOW.

This poem represents the continued aspirations of Genius. Its motto, "EXCELSIOR," (still higher!) to the multitude is a word in an unknown tongue. Disregarding the every day comforts of life, the allurements of love, and the warnings of experience, it presses forward on its solitary path. Even in death it holds fast its device, and a voice from the air proclaims the progress of the soul in a higher sphere.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, N. Y.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—EXCELSIOR!

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—EXCELSIOR!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—EXCELSIOR!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied—EXCELSIOR!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—EXCELSIOR!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied far up the height—EXCELSIOR!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—EXCELSIOR!

A traveller by the faithful hound
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device—EXCELSIOR !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star—EXCELSIOR !

Westward Ho !

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

*Descriptive of the Journey of a Band of Emigrants across the
 Alleghanies.*

Droop not, brothers, as we go
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 Under boughs of mistletoe,
 Log huts we'll rear,
 While herds of deer and buffalo
 Furnish the cheer.
 File o'er the mountain,
 Steady, boys ;
 For game afar
 We have our rifles ready, boys,
 Aha ! aha !
 Throw care to the winds,
 Like chaff, boys, ah !
 And join in the laugh, boys,
 Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cheer up, brothers, as we go
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 When we've wood and prairie land,
 Won by our toil,
 We'll reign like kings in fairy land,
 Lords of the soil.
 Then westward, ho ! in legions, boys,
 Fair freedom's star
 Points to our sunset regions, boys,
 Aha ! ha ! ha !
 Throw care, &c.

A Brother is Dead.

HARK ! what is that note,
So mournful and slow,
It sends on the winds
The tidings of wo !
It sounds like the knell
Of a spirit that's fled ;
It tells us, alas !
A Brother is dead !

Yes, gone to the grave
Is he whom we loved ;
And lifeless that form,
That so manfully moved ;
The clods of the valley
Encompass his head,
The marble reminds us
A Brother is dead !

But marble and urns,
They never can tell
The spot where the soul
Is destined to dwell.

Ye spirits of air
That surrounded his bed,
O speak ye and tell
Where *the spirit has fled.*

O, say, have ye heard
In the heavenly throng,
That voice once with ours
Commingled in song !
O, say, to the courts
Of our God, have ye led
The soul that from Earth
For ever has fled.

No voice from the grave,
No voice from the sky,
Discloses the deeds
That are doing on high.
It need not ; Jehovah
Hath said in His word,
That " blessed are they
Who die in the Lord."

The Old Farm House.

After many, many, many years,
How pleasant 'tis to come
To the old farm-house where we were born,
Our first, our childhood's home.
To turn away our weary eyes
From proud, ambitious towers,
And wander forth upon the hills,
Among the hills and flowers.
Oh ! after many, many years,
How pleasant 'tis to come
To the old farm-house where we were born,
Our first, our childhood's home.

It scarce has changed since last I gazed
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old wick elm
That shades the village-green,

And watched my boat upon the brook
 As 'twere a regal galley,
 And sighed not for a joy on earth
 Beyond the happy valley.
 Oh, &c.

Those days I do recall again,
 That bright and blameless joy,
 I summon to my weary heart
 The feelings of a boy ;
 And look on scenes of past delight-
 With all my wonted pleasure ;
 And feel as though I'd found at last
 My only earthly treasure.
 Oh, &c.

The Spider and the Fly.

WORDS IN PART ORIGINAL.

" Will you walk into my parlor ?" said the spider to the fly,
 " 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy ;
 My floors are carpeted so nice, with velvet soft and clean,
 So just walk in, my little fly, and I'll treat you like a queen.
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly !

" Why stand you in the cold without exposed to every storm,
 When in my palace you will find a shelter snug and warm ?
 Full many a fly *I've taken* in from out the chilly rain,
 And such attachments do they form, they ne'er go out again.
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly !

" I love to gaze upon you now, you charming little fly,
 Your golden wings and modest brow, your bright and flashing eye ;
 And then you sing your dulcet songs so merrily and so free,
 I only wish you'd just hop in, and sing your songs to me.
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly !"

The silly fly with vaunting pride flew near the palace door,
 So charmed was he with flattering words he ne'er had heard before ;
 The spider bade him welcome in with wide extended arms,
 And patting gently on his back he lavished him with charms.
 " Will you walk in, Mr. Fly !"

And then the little silken cords were gently wove around,
 Until within the spider's grasp the little fly was bound;
Too late he sought to fly away, but the spider held him fast,
 And then he laughed "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you, sir, at last.
 Will you walk *out*, Mr. Fly!"

The moral here is very clear, and warns us to beware,
 The lying and the flatt'ring tongue, which charms but to ensnare;
 And when the tempter falsely says, "Thou shalt not surely die,"
 Just call to mind the little song of the spider and the fly.
 "Will you *keep out*, Mr. Fly!"

The Seasons.

ORIGINAL.

Oh sweet the spring, with its merry ring,
 When the robins chirp and the blue birds sing;
 Their voices clear, make glad the ear,
 In their welcome songs to the opening year.

Then ho! farmers, ho!

To the fields now with beauty adorning;
 With hearts all right, and with spirits bright,
 We'll sing with the birds in the morning.

Heigh, O! the farmers go,

Over the fields to plough and sow.

Oh, where's the mind so unrefined,
 But in the spring glows warm and kind:
 As every morn is fresh new-born,
 And the hills resound with the mellow horn.

Then ho! farmers, ho!

To the fields now with beauty adorning, &c.

Now full of joy without alloy,
 How merrily sings the farmer's boy;
 His voice he trills like the whip-poor-will's,
 While the sound comes echoing o'er the hills,

Then ho! farmers, ho, &c.

And Summer too, in its varied hue,
 With flow'rets sweet our pathway strew;
 All nature's gay at the break of day,
 While the dew perfumes out the new mown hay.

Then, ho! farmers, ho!

To your care and labor bestowing,
 With sickle and scythe, does the farmer thrive,
 Then hie, to your reaping and mowing.

Heigh, O! the farmers go,

Over the fields to reap and mow.

Oh, blithe the hours 'mid fields of flowers,
 When the earth's embalmed with summer showers;
 'Tis then the rain o'er the waving grain,
 Makes nature sing and smile again.
 Then, ho! farmers, ho! &c.

The sad heart grieves as nature weaves
 Her winding sheet in the autumn leaves,
 Yet most sublime in the tempest chime,
 Which reminds us all of the harvest time.

Then, ho! farmers, ho!
 Gather the fruits of your sowing;
 For the waving corn your fields adorn,
 In token of labor bestowing,
 Heigh, O! the farmers go,
 Gathering the fruits they chose to sow.

When winter drear comes gathering near,
 The songster birds no more we hear,
 Yet dear those spells when music swells,
 O'er the wintry storm in the merry bells.

Then ho! farmers ho!
 To the wild woods let's be going;
 O'er ice and snow we'll onward go,
 In despite of hurricanes blowing.
 Heigh, O, the woodmen go,
 Breaking the roads through drifted snow.

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter's thrall,
 Bear many a lesson to us all;
 But like the dove, in the land of love,
 They sing of purer springs above.

Then ho! mortals ho! and hasten to your duty.
 For though we die, like the butterfly,
 We shall rise ere long in new beauty.
 Heigh, O, mortals go,—
 Up to the world were joys o'erflow.

Oh, happy he the farmer free,
 In his mountain home of liberty;
 For Heaven gave to the true and brave
 The hills where ne'er could breathe the slave.

Then ho! farmers ho! for your's the best vocation,
 God's first command was to till the land,
 In the morning of creation.
 Heigh, O, then farmers go,
 Chanting the songs of freedom O.

The HUTCHINSON FAMILY tender their grateful acknowledgments to the holders of copyrights of Songs in this publication, for the privilege of inserting them.

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A HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES
OF
John W. Hutchinson and his Family



IN THE
CAMPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BOSTON:
S. CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE.
NO. 112 CONGRESS STREET.
1864.



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THE

BOOK OF BROTHERS;

(SECOND SERIES)

BEING

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OF

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON AND HIS FAMILY

IN THE

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THE BOOK OF BROTHERS.

TEN years having elapsed since the first series of this narrative was published, and much having occurred with relation to the Hutchinson Family in the interim, it has been thought advisable to bring down their history to the present period. The account of their visit to Washington, and of their Camp Concerts, will be read with peculiar interest; and the public will *now* have a faithful account of their doings among the Army of the Potomac. Many garbled statements with reference to this affair have been made, but how destitute of truth nearly all of them were, the following truthful narrative will show.

We now, then, resume our history:

In December, of the year 1855, Judson, John, and Asa Hutchinson resolved, after due deliberation, to visit the Great West, and accordingly they proceeded to the new territory of Minnesota, where the fertility of the land and the beauty of the country — as well as the advantageous prospects then held out to settlers — induced them to take up some prairie lands to the west of the Mississippi river, about sixty-five miles from the city of St. Paul. Here they founded a settlement, which they called after their own name; and the town of "HUTCHINSON" was added to the many others that were constantly springing up on the prairie and in the wilderness of the West.

At that time Minnesota was considered as not only the land of aspirations and dreams, but the land where aspira-

tions and dreams were realized. Fact, poetry, and romance all combined to lavish eulogy upon the growing territory, whose healthful atmosphere seemed to resemble the fabled fountain, which restored the youth of man; and whose generous soil, to use Douglas Jerrold's pithy expression with reference to that of Australia, was so rich, that earth there would, if you tickled her with a hoe, laugh with a harvest. The Falls of Minnehaha had been immortalized in flowing verse, while the beautiful Indian maiden, Winona, like the New England Madawiska, was honored by tradition, as an Indian heroine.

John W. Hutchinson cut the first tree that had ever fallen by the hand of the white man in those regions, and it was used in the construction of their log cabin. Around this nucleus of a settlement, other cabins arose, and the town of "Hutchinson" continued to gradually grow and extend until 1857,—in fact, at that time, it was becoming quite a large settlement. A hotel, that almost first want of a new settlement, early provided "good entertainment" for travelers. Farms appeared one after another, and all, in that productive section, soon were in a thriving condition. The Hutchinsons worked with untiring energy, and corn and grain of all kinds were extensively cultivated by them, and also by the other settlers. Sheep and cattle dotted the pastures, and the vocalists became successful farmers. But, notwithstanding their agricultural avocations, they did not altogether abandon singing—having quite too much "music in their souls" for that. So they started off occasionally to give concerts, and exchange the music of the flail for that of the platform. And while they were thus singing, the crops were growing! They had taken with them to the West a super-abundance of Yankee energy, and it found vent in vocalism.

The soil and climate of Minnesota amply fulfilled all the expectations they had formed of it. In their opinion, it is *the* State to go to for those who are industrious, and desire to have all the romance connected with active life. The climate is very fine — somewhat cold, certainly, but positive, — that is, by no means so changeable as that of their own native New England. Here, then, for some time the Hutchinson's remained with the laudable intention of building up a permanent home for the little ones who were growing up around them. But, as will be presently seen, the French saying was verified — "*Man proposes, God disposes.*" Glowing as were their prospects, all pleasant anticipations concerning them, so far as Minnesota was concerned, were doomed to end in disappointment.

When a hive becomes too full, the bees "swarm," and new colonies or settlements are formed. So it is with the human families — so was it with the Hutchinsons. Asa had a little swarm of "olive-branches" growing up — John, also, had gathered round him, a healthful tribe; and they agreed to divide, as it were, the trunk of the "Family" tree, and separate into two companies. Sister Abby, as we have seen in the first part of these memoirs, was already married, and had retired into the privacy of domestic life in New York. Leaving, therefore, their Minnesota property in the hands of agents, Asa, with his family, and John with his also, started off in different directions, "concerting."

Shortly after their separation, another, and a larger one occurred. Judson Hutchinson, who had for years previously formed one of the original "Family" of singers, after a season of affliction passed away to the silent land. Judson was much beloved by the thousands who knew him, for the genuine simplicity and honest whole-heartedness of his character. Our friend now lies in that quiet town (Milford, N. H.) for

which, during a well-spent life he had often expressed a desire, there to remain

“till through the sky
The Angel of the Resurrection flies.”

This brings us to the year 1858.

The reader must now be kind enough to follow with us the fortunes of Mr. John W. Hutchinson and his family, consisting of his wife and two children—a son and daughter—named respectively, Henry and Viola. It is to their adventures we shall now confine ourselves.

On leaving Minnesota, this family travelled by team through the New England States, in the various cities and towns in which they were warmly welcomed by their old friends, and enthusiastically received by thousands who now heard them for the first time. Their popularity, instead of diminishing, was greatly increased; and the younger Hutchinsons were hailed with delight, as choice melodious additions to the already numerous and famous “Family.” The new generation were not, however, dependent altogether on the reputation of the preceding one, for Henry and Viola possessed talents exclusively their own, and it is by no means to be wondered at, that, under such training as they were privileged with, they were already accomplished singers. Henry, aged eighteen, has a fine *tenor* voice, capable of great modulation, and of extraordinary compass and volume. They who remember his lamented and gifted uncle Jesse, will not fail to recognize many points of similarity between them. His voice, in some degree, resembles Judson’s. Viola, who is now sixteen years of age, has a fascinating *alto* voice, of a similar calibre to Abby’s, whose delicious warblings those who once heard them can never forget. Both their voices, blending with that of their father’s, who can sing in almost

any key, mingle delightfully. Viola, too, it should be added, reminds us much of Abby, in many other respects. She could not have a better model. Mrs. J. W. H., whose deep contralto voice, assuming adarbitrium, the bass or tenor, mingles in the quartettes and choruses to the approval of thousands.

We may, incidentally, remark here, while referring to Abby, that this lady quitted for a brief season that sphere of domestic life which she occupies and adorns, for the purpose of singing for a short season with her brother John. Her principal object was to renew old and valued friendships, in places through which she had formerly travelled. It is needless to say, that in such places as Boston, New York, Albany, Troy, Philadelphia, Trenton, and other cities and towns, she was warmly welcomed by thousands, who were delighted to listen once again to her charming minstrelsy.

During the last presidential election, Mr. Hutchinson and his family did good service, by helping to sing Mr. Lincoln into the White House. "I care not who makes the laws for a people," says Fletcher, "so that I make their songs." Keeping this in mind, we may readily believe that our vocalists were not without their influence on the important event. On the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, Mr. Hutchinson proceeded to Washington to view the imposing ceremonies, just as two of his elder brothers (Democrats) had previously attended the inaugurals of Pierce and Buchanan.

While passing through Baltimore, on his way to the "City of Magnificent Distances," he had the opportunity of learning the origin of the now common word "Secesh." Two drunken men were in the street, sauntering along, when one said to the other — "If they wa-nt to sesesh, let u-um se-se-sesh!" and the other thick-voiced gentlemen, addressing his companion, declared that "if he was shesh-h, he was sh-h-h-es-h

too! d—d if he w-was n't!" So that a drunken loafer had the honor of originating the now notorious epithet. It is noted here as an etymological curiosity, for the benefit of some future Walker, Webster, or Worcester.

Returning to Philadelphia, some very successful concerts were given, and then the Family opened in New York. The rebellion excitement had now fairly, or rather *unfairly* set in. Determined to vindicate the honor of the "Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Hutchinson had an immense flag engraved on wood, and printed in the appropriate colors; this he used as a "poster" for his concerts. The device was afterwards adopted by many other persons, but to Mr. H. undoubtedly belongs the credit of having originated the happy device. This was *before* the fall of Fort Sumpter, and it may be incidentally mentioned here, that, three weeks after that event, the printer realized eight hundred dollars by printing impressions from the same flag-block,—the calls for American flags being then very numerous all over the loyal States.

During the following three months the Family made a tour, in the course of which they gave many concerts for the benefit of the Soldier's Aid Societies. This proceeding, it may be mentioned, was quite in character with the liberality the Hutchinsons have shown during their career, from the very first. Humanity has never called upon them for aid in vain. They have not only sung of brotherly love, but have exhibited it in their personal efforts to ameliorate suffering among their fellow men. Practice, with them, has gone hand in hand with precept. And now that the dawning of Freedom's glorious day is seen, soon we trust to brighten "more and more unto the perfect day," it is but just to the Hutchinsons to state, that the great and glorious Anti-Slavery cause has had few more efficient advocates and workers than they have been. At many thousands of public gatherings

they have, during the twenty-four years of their public life, come forward gladly and gratuitously to sing of Liberty, Freedom, Humanity, and Brotherly Love, and it is not too much to surmise that their influence has done much to advance that cause, which through good report and through evil report they have conscientiously adhered to. And not only has the Anti-Slavery cause been benefited by their exertions, for, wherever and whenever their services could promote the welfare of suffering humanity, those services were always gracefully and generously rendered.

Having concluded these Soldier's Concerts, Mr. Hutchinson and his family, needing repose, returned to their home at High Rock, Lynn. But they did not allow themselves to rest in inglorious ease, for there was a camp at Lynnfield—General Wilson's Regiment—and to it the Hutchinsons often repaired to cheer the hearts of the volunteers with song and sentiment. Who shall tell what the influence of such exercises may have been—possibly they may have given new courage to the daunted, stimulated the hesitating, and comforted those who were leaving all that was dear to them at home, to endure the stern realities of war. Such efforts on their part were worthy of all praise, and they received such from officers and men, in profusion.

John W. Hutchinson now determined to visit Washington, and, if possible, make arrangements for a series of concerts to our brave soldiers on the Potomac. It was a bold venture, and the results problematic; but he determined to try, at least, to cheer those who had left home and friends to do battle for a just and holy cause. Scarcely had he arrived in Washington before he met a reverend friend, Mr. Yard, the excellent Chaplain of the New Jersey 1st regiment. The chaplain received him cordially, and all the preliminaries having been arranged, he was invited to hold a concert at

Fairfax Seminary. To this Mr. Hutchinson replied that he would, after he had given his concert in Washington.

But, in order to visit the camp, it was necessary that he should obtain permission from head quarters, and he therefore paid a visit to the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the able Secretary of the Treasury, who warmly welcomed him and expressed his readiness to do all in his power to forward his views. Nothing could possibly be more gratifying than that interview, during which Mr. Chase showed not only that his former principles were unchanged, but that the high position he so ably and honorably filled had not (as such too often does) impaired the principles of *the man*. Mr. Chase had, in days that were gone, often approved of and patronized the Hutchinson Family, and now, so far from turning a deaf ear to their application for his official assistance, he did all he could to smoothen their path and to remove from it every obstacle.

To procure a "pass" or permission from the Secretary of War, to go and sing to the troops, was the next task. Accordingly, Mr. Hutchinson waited on Mr. Cameron, (who then held that important office), from whom he received every courtesy, and who at once furnished him with the following document, saying jocosely, as he handed it to the recipient: "But mind you do n't sing secesh!"

[COPY .]

WAR DEPARTMENT, Jan. 14, 1863.

Permit "The Hutchinson Family" to pass over bridges and ferries, and within the main lines of the Army of the Potomac. They will be allowed to sing to the soldiers, and this permit shall continue good until 1st February, 1862.

(Signed)

SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*.

After one of their concerts, the Hutchinson Family visited

the White House, on the occasion of a levee being held. Mr. Lincoln, who had formerly seen and heard them at Springfield, Illinois, immediately recognized them, and Mrs. Lincoln also received them with the utmost kindness. In the course of the evening they were asked to sing, and they responded to the request by giving that spirit-stirring song: "*The War Drums are beating — up Soldiers and Fight.*" This was pleasant enough, but like most pleasures in this world, it had its accompanying drawback. The key of the piano could not for some time be found. The instrument belonged to the mansion, and, possibly, in the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's occupancy, more discord than harmony had prevailed in the Presidential dwelling. At length, however, the key was found, and the instrument opened—but alas! it was, like the country, so shockingly out of tune that it could scarcely be played on. Nor could a music stool be found, so that, for a Presidential mansion, music seemed to be at a serious discount. "There 's nae luck about the house" might perhaps have been played on the rattling old keys, but it would have been little less than treason to have attempted "Yankee Doodle" on such a rickety box of wires. Mr. N. P. Willis, with his usual brilliancy, gave a graphic account of the evening's proceedings in his *Home Journal*.

The Hutchinsons, spite of the piano, gave, with great effect, "The Ship on Fire;" and, on leaving, were cordially invited to often visit the Presidential mansion.

The concert having been arranged for, the Hutchinsons next went over the Potomac, and passed the guard to Gen. Franklin's Division, under the convoy and patronage of the chaplain. The concert was to have been given in the afternoon, but, owing to unforeseen difficulties, it could not be given till the evening. The place of meeting was in a splendid church, connected with the seminary building, and

surrounded by magnificent grounds. The vocalists took quarters with Dr. Welling and Chaplain Yard, and were most hospitably entertained.

The price of admission was fixed at one dime; and, at the appointed time, companies of the 1st New Jersey regiment, and stragglers from other regiments to the number of over a thousand, filled the church. Everything went off gloriously, and the applause was loud and prolonged; but, after one piece (now famous) had been sung, symptoms of disapprobation became manifest. The obnoxious composition was the following, by John G. Whittier:

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast
 The pangs of transformation:
Not painlessly doth God recast
 And mould anew the nation.
 Hot burns the fire
 Where wrongs expire;
 Nor spares the hand
 That from the land
 Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
 Its bloody rain is dropping;
 The poison plant the fathers spared
 All else is overtopping.
 East, West, South, North,
 It curses earth;
 All justice dies,
 And fraud and lies
 Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
 What points the rebel cannon?
 What sets the roaring rabble's heel
 On the old star-spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer: SLAVERY!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.
God lifts to-day the veil and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die!"
And union find in Freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going,
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his overthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain,
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud,
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges;
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But, blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery for ever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace, must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

No sooner had this song been finished, than a solitary hiss was heard from one corner of the room. Major Hatfield, who commanded, and who on this occasion was seated in a front pew, rose, with evident signs of indignation, and turning to the place from whence the symptoms of disapprobation had proceeded, observed, that if the interruption was repeated, the person who caused it should go out of the house. The man who hissed, rejoined — "You had better come and put me out." The Major, who knew the man, and knew also that before the concert commenced he had threatened to make a disturbance, then said — "I can put you out — and if I cannot, I have a regiment that will!" At this, the soldiers rose to a man, amid much confusion, and cries of "put him out!" but no force was resorted to, and order was at length restored. The Hutchinsons sang that beautiful piece; "NO TEAR IN HEAVEN," and its soothing influence produced perfect tranquility. Chaplain Merwin also exerted himself to restore peace, and all seemed pleased and quiet.

No Tear in Heaven.

Composed by JOHN W. HURONSON, and sung by him and family at their Camp Concerts to the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.

Solo, Soprano or Tenor, ad lib.

p In chanting style.

1. No tear shall be in Heaven; No gath'ring gloom Shall

o'er that glorious landscape ev - er come; No tear shall fall in

sadness o'er those flowers, That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers.

- 2 No tear shall be in Heaven; no sorrow's reign;
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shiv'ring limbs, no burning fever there,
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
- 3 No night shall be in Heaven, but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.
- 4 No tear shall be in Heaven, no darkened room,
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

Invocation Chant.

Composed by JOHN W., of the "Hutchinson Family," and sung at the opening of their concerts. This piece was first sung by the "Hutchinsons" at the lecture of Frederick Douglas, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y., Anniversary Week, 1863.

Words by J. WARD CHILDS.

Moderato.

1. Thou great and All-wise Rul - er, In whose Almighty hand
2. We've oft - en, in our blindness, For - gotten thee, our God;

Is held the future des - ti - ny Of our devot - ed land,
And just - ly do we mer - it The vengeance of thy rod;

To Thee, thou great De - liv' - rer, In this our time of need,
But Thou art merci - ful and just; Thy mercy, Lord, we crave;

In deep humil - i - a - tion. We come our cause to plead.
O, hear our suppli - ca - tions, And our dear country save.

3 We know our strength is weakness;
That we alone, must fall;
But thy right arm can save us,
For thou art all in all.
The storm that hangs above us
Will vanish at thy will:
Lord, calm the angry waters;
Command them, "Peace, be still."

4 O, may once more among us,
The dove of peace descend,
And o'er our glorious country
Her heavenly wings extend.
The People's hearts uniting
In bonds of peace and love,
With discord's arms beneath our feet,
The stars and stripes above.

After the concert, certain persons refused to mess with the chaplain, but it was hoped that all trouble was at an end. It may be mentioned here that Major Hatfield was afterwards killed, during McClellan's retreat from before Richmond.

On the following morning, there came a message to the chaplain, to appear before General Kearney, (since killed). The reverend gentleman obeyed the order, and then returned to his friends with a sad countenance. There was very great excitement, he said, arising out of the proceedings of the evening before—the authorities had gone so far as to take away the keys of the church from him. Things were evidently going awry, and whether the concerts would be permitted to proceed or not, was quite a matter of doubt. While waiting in suspense, there came a second message from the general, requesting the chaplain and the singers to wait on him; so, through the rain and mud, they had to tramp to his head quarters. The general there rebuked the chaplain and the vocalists for singing without first submitting a programme of their songs to the authorities, and added, that he “could not allow the concerts to go on.”

Mr. Hutchinson, remarked, in explanation:

“General,—I have a permit from the Secretary of War to sing. I am no stranger to the soldiers—many thousands of whom knew and heard us—whatever the officers may think and feel on the subject.”

To this the general remarked, quickly: “I reign supreme here,—you are abolitionists,—I think as much of a rebel as I do of an abolitionist.”

Subsequently, he seemed to hesitate, and when Mr. Hutchinson and the chaplain left, it appeared to be doubtful whether the concerts would be allowed to continue or not. Soon after reaching their quarters, however, there came a fresh message from the general, that they must forego all further singing in the camp.

Not satisfied with this, news was sent to General Franklin, and the following communication was received by Mr. Hutchinson :

[COPY.]

HEAD QUARTERS, ALEX. DIV., }
Camp Wm., Jan., 1862. }

MAJOR HATFIELD,

You will please send to these Head Quarters, as soon as practicable, a copy of the songs sung by the Hutchinson Family last night in the Seminary Chapel.

By order of Brig. Gen. Franklin.

(Signed)

JOSEPH C. JACKSON, A. D. C.

After several hours hard work, copies were taken and forwarded to General Franklin by the chaplain. The General took them, and wished to have the objectionable song pointed out to him. He was referred to Whittier's song. He said, "I pronounce that incendiary," and then said that "if these people are allowed to go on, they will demoralize the army."* The chaplain again returned, depressed and sad.

Another concert had been advertised. On the announcement that it was forbidden being made public, the members of the regiment that was to have attended it, openly expressed their regret.

Late on the Saturday night (a concert having been given on the previous Friday evening,) a message was sent to General Franklin, purporting to have emanated from the General commanding the U. S. Army — (General McClellan.) The following is a copy :

* It may be here stated, that the style and character of the entertainments within the lines of this army were: — Saloons, where liquors were passed to the soldiers and set before them by disreputable persons. While *lewd women dressed in tights, and without tights*, sang Bacchanalian songs and danced on an elevated stage to the amusement of the stranger.

HEAD QUARTERS, ALEX., VIRGINIA., }
 January 18, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3.

By command of the Major General commanding U. S. A., the permit given to the Hutchinson Family to sing in the camps, and their pass to cross the Potomac, are hereby revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops.

By order of Brig. Gen. Franklin.

(Signed)

J. C. JACKSON, A. D. C.

Official. — JAMES M. WILSON, A. A. G.,
 Head Quarters, 1st N. J. V.

This was, of course, an effectual "stopper" to further proceedings. At the same time Mr. Hutchinson received an informal verbal message, to the effect that the vocalists were to leave their quarters. Mr. Hutchinson—it being late and the weather bad—immediately wrote to General Franklin, requesting the privilege of remaining with their friends until the Monday morning following, to which application an answer was written on the outside of Mr. Hutchinson's letter, which was returned, that there is no objection to these people remaining if they behaved themselves properly.

The next day being Sunday, Chaplain Yard went and obtained permission to use the church, and a little plan was adopted in order that the hundreds of soldiers who desired to hear them sing should not be disappointed. The chaplain asked for a choir, and the Hutchinson family, at service time, appeared *as said choir*. The chaplain preached in the morning, and in the evening Mr. Merwin gave a Temperance Lecture. They sang on both occasions temperance and other pieces. On the following Monday morning, Miss Viola received a twenty-dollar gold piece which had been sent her by the soldiers.

Mr. Hutchinson immediately sent part of his company on to Washington, intending to follow with his daughter on the boat from Alexandria. The fog, however, prevented the departure of the boat until the afternoon. The chaplain say-

ing he would take him the next morning, he concluded to stay and spend the evening with Colonel Farnsworth's regiment of Cavalry, which was quartered a mile or two out. They started, the chaplain driving; they had not gone far when the horse took fright as they were going down hill, the reins broke, and they were in the utmost danger. At length the animal swerved from the road, and coming in contact with some trees, knocked the vehicle to pieces, but providentially all in it escaped unhurt! They then returned to their quarters, and were informed that since they had gone an officer had been inquiring for them and intimated that they "might as well have gone off." On learning this, and anxious to give the authorities no grounds for charging him with disobedience of orders, Mr. Hutchinson deemed it best to go at once, and not disturb the peace by any risk. Accordingly he proceeded to Alexandria, and called on General Montgomery, who took the vocalists to his own quarters, where they sang psalms and hymns, and, conjointly with the Provost Marshal, the general invited them to give a concert in Alexandria, which, however, they for the present declined.

On reaching Washington, Mr. Hutchinson called on Mr. Secretary Chase, and told him the whole story of his troubles at Fairfax Church. Mr. Chase asked for a copy of the prohibited song, which having been given him, he submitted it to the consideration of the Cabinet. Of course, details of the proceedings were not publicly known, but Mr. Hutchinson was informed, *on the best authority*, that he was exonerated from all blame, and that the President expressed himself very warmly in his favor.

In this, as in all other instances, Mr. Chase acted with the utmost kindness and consideration, showing that he was still a firm and consistent supporter of those principles which he had so long advocated. It would be well if we had a few more

such consistent and truly enlightened statesmen, to stand at the helm of public affairs in this crisis of our national history.

Mr. Hutchinson did not now hesitate to go to Alexandria, and give two concerts — at these the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the “prohibited” and all the radical songs were loudly called for — “John Brown” among the rest. The general himself sat on the platform with the singers, and, at the end of the concert, resolutions in their favor were adopted.

The Hutchinsons once more returned to Washington, having received a special invitation from some officers of General McClellan’s body-guard, to whom they sang in private. These gentlemen, to compensate them, purchased large numbers of tickets for a concert, and attended the church where it was held. At this concert the Provost Marshal of the city was present, and all their radical songs were sung, amid great applause. The minister of the church, however, was frightened, lest his congregation should be disturbed by the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the songs, and would n’t let them have the church for another concert. So the concerts in Washington had to be given up.

They sang, however on a Sunday, at the Capitol, to an immense audience. Among the pieces was “The Slave’s Appeal,” which created a great sensation. After the concert a slaveholder invited them to his house, to have “a talk,” but they were pressed for time, and could not go.

Their last evening in Washington was spent in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Secretary Chase, with a party made expressly for them. It should be remarked that they also experienced the kindest attention from Major-General J. C. Fremont and “Jessie.” The colored people of Washington, too, were enthusiastic in their praises of the Vocalists, who, for more than twenty years, had advocated their cause and had

incurred calumny — made sacrifices and endured losses, willingly on their behalf. To show their devotion, they offered their churches for the use of the singers when the doors of all the other places of worship, owing to secessionary prejudices, were shut against them.

The "Family" now travelled to Philadelphia, where they gave a series of concerts, which were extremely successful. The song of Whittier — "The Furnace Blast," — was, because prohibited, still more popular than ever, showing what good a little persecution sometimes does. The Quakers came out in full force at these concerts; and some of them remarked, that they must have peace, "*if they had to fight for it.*" During this Philadelphia visit, they opened a new Hall by a concert.

They next gave successful concerts in Boston, New York, and Trenton. On Long Island they gave several concerts for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home in New York — thence they went to Pittsburgh, and on through Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, meeting with a particularly warm reception in their own town of Hutchinson. There everything *appeared* prosperous; but Mr. Hutchinson warned the inhabitants against the visits of hostile tribes of Indians. The people did not share in his apprehensions; yet, before a few weeks had elapsed, the Indians actually came, and the inhabitants, some three hundred in number, had to fly for their lives, to a refuge seventeen miles distant. So complete was the devastation caused by these ruthless invaders, that every house but two was burnt to the ground, and not a stack of corn was left. The loss to Mr. Hutchinson, was, of course, great.

Mr. John W. Hutchinson and his interesting family are still "marching along," singing as they go. For more than twenty-four years he has been before the public, and, during all

that time, he and his have earned "golden opinions" even from those whose principles he has attacked and denounced in stirring song. He has sung for the noblest causes — for Slave Emancipation — for Union — for Temperance — for the advancement of Humanity and Freedom everywhere; and when he shall leave the Concert-room, (may that time be far distant,) he will carry with him into private life the respect and esteem of the thousands to whom his "family" name is a "*Household Word*."

As a fitting conclusion to this memoir, Burleigh's beautiful Free Song is appended:—

FREE-SONG ON THE POTOMAC.

BY GEORGE BURLEIGH.

DEDICATED TO THE HUTCHINSONS.

From the Independent, N. Y. City.

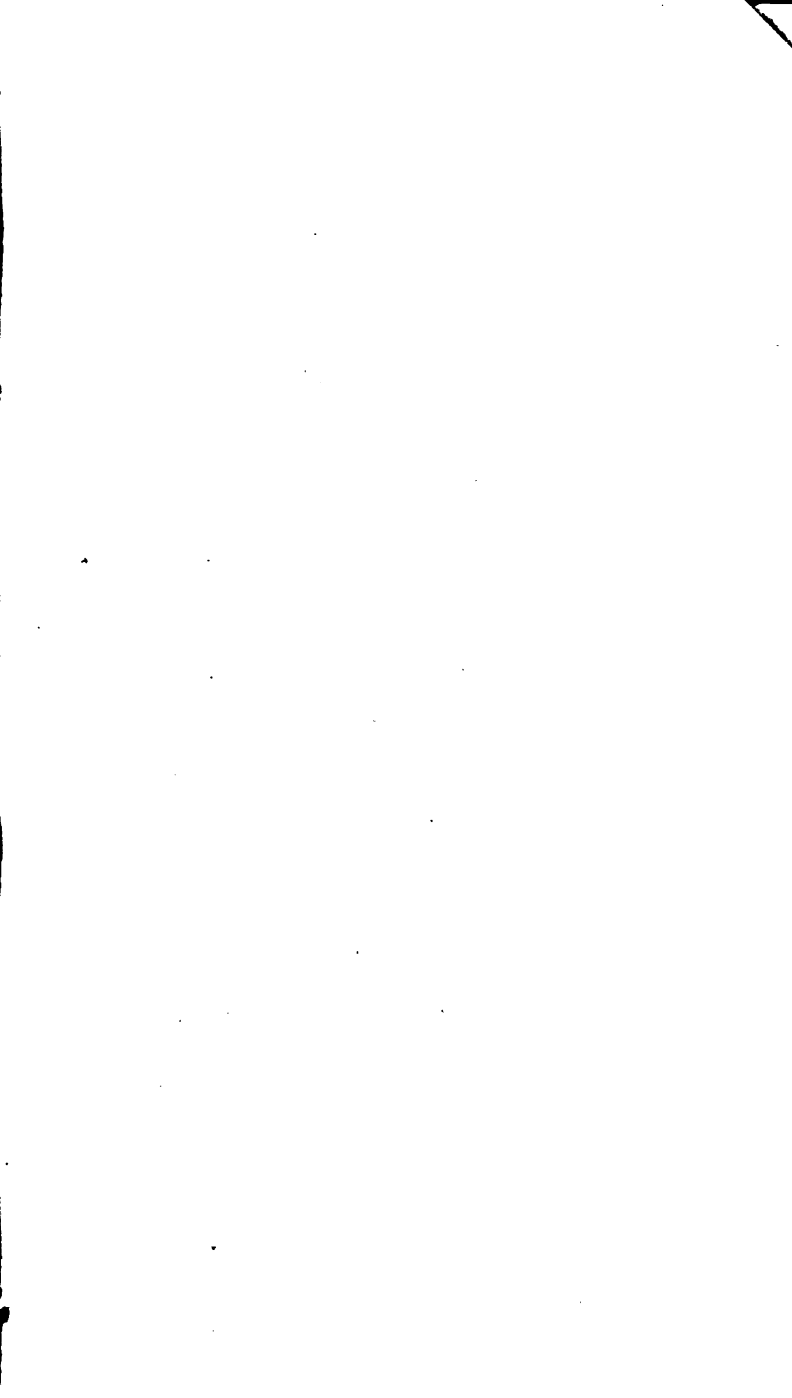
HA, TAPE and TINSEL! will ye stop
 The swelling tide of Freedom's song.
 Even while the Judgment Hour lets drop
 God's lightning on the towers of wrong?—
 Forbid the fearless free who fling
 Their lives on battle's combing wave
 To hear their Mountain Warblers sing
 Our ransom with the ransomed slave?
 But Truth divine can pass your line
 Without your word and countersign;
 The winds will wing it,
 The birds will sing it,
 The seas will ring it,
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,
 And your shattering cannon-peal shall fling it,
 Wherever a slave may pine.

Sweet songsters of the Granite Hills,
 Birds of the rock and forest oak,
 Wild-bubbling as their own free rills
 Their music, through the cannon-smoke,
 Rained like the sky-lark's from her cloud;
 And might have laid the fiend of Saul,

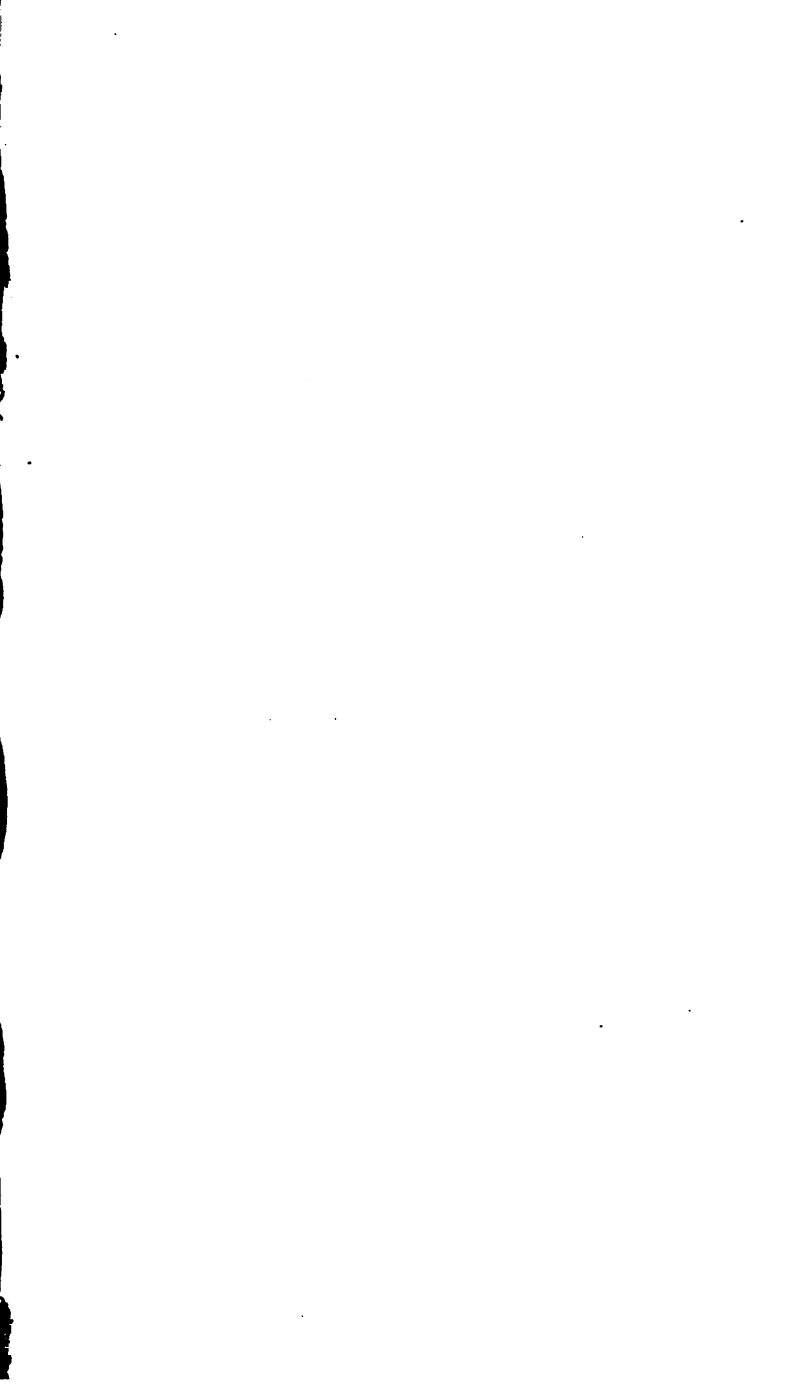
But makes your haunting fiend more loud,
 Whose javellin seeks the life of all.
 Unjustly strong, from out your throng
 Ye drive the Flock, but not the Song!
 The winds will wing it,
 The birds will sing it,
 The seas will ring it,
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it.
 And the scream of your roaring shells will fling it,
 Wherever the weak bears wrong.

Not clanging horns nor rumbling drums
 The tones that deepest thrill the land;
 The Resurrection Angel comes
 With Freedom's trumpet in her hand!
 Its blast will call the living dead,
 Redeemed, from Slavery's Hadean tomb.
 To find our welcome;—or instead
 Peal the last charge of flying Doom!
 The hour of Fate will never wait,
 Ye hear its judgment knell too late.
 The winds will wing it,
 The birds will sing it,
 The seas will ring it,
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,
 And a nation's dying groan shall fling it
 Through the shattered prison-gate!

Once old chivalric honor reigned,
 And bards were sacred, e'en to foes;
 They kept the glory heroes gained,
 And sang high deeds that shamed repose.
 But cheer, my Warblers! fly away
 To sing more clear in smokeless air;
 The herald Angels sing to-day,
 Nor ask a tinselled tyrant where.
 From heaven's blue cope the song of hope
 Thrills down the bondman's dungeon slope;
 The winds will wing it,
 The birds will sing it,
 The seas will ring it,
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,
 And a rescued nation's voice shall fling it
 Where the last lone slave may grope.







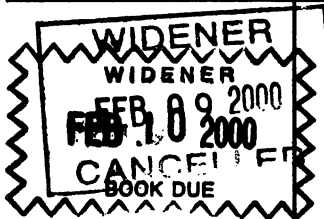


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